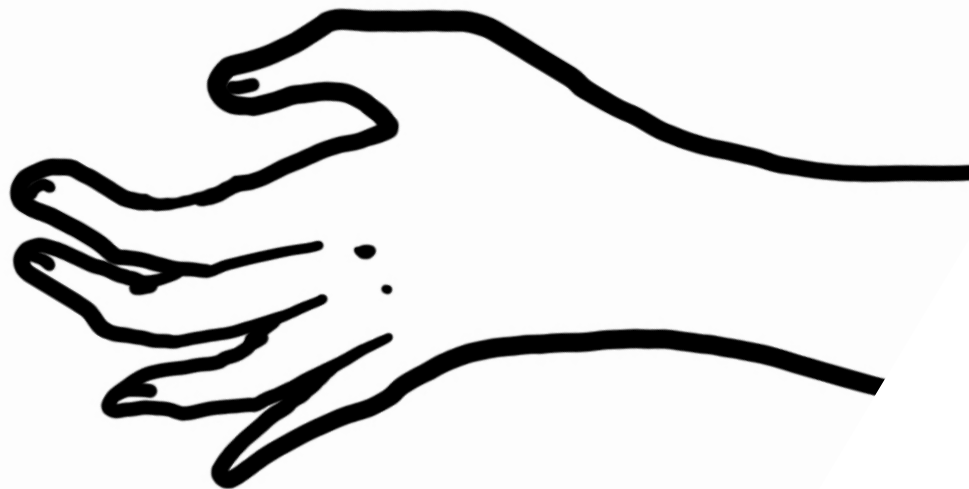


#1  
YOU ARE  
NOT  
A LONE



# Hello!

[TRIGGER WARNING: Suicide]

The night I attempted suicide, I told my parents that I 'took too much' paracetamol and probably needed to go to the hospital because of that. They refused to take me although I was quite literally dying, and sat me down on the living room couch instead. They asked me if a) I had a boyfriend and b) if I was angry, and I didn't know whether the two questions were related, so I answered no to both. My mum muttered something about my lack of faith in God. I wished they would just take me to the hospital to get all the shit pumped out of my body, but all they did was stay quiet after that little exchange. Later in the morning I collapsed on the floor while waiting for my turn to go to the bathroom, and only then did my mum take me to the emergency room. There were two doctors that took care of me. One of them asked if I was angry. I laughed and said no, then walked a couple of steps into the toilet to puke black bile.

Nobody's ever touched upon the incident since that day, as if it didn't happen. I myself have been cautious not to mention it to people who aren't close friends, people who would think I was being dramatic, people who seem to have had it worse than I did but never thought to end their lives.

A year later, there wasn't any particular turmoil in my life, but I skipped an entire day of classes to go to a psychiatrist. She told me I had depression and prescribed medication to last me two weeks. At once, I felt conflicted because there's one more thing for me to deal with although there was enough on my plate, but at the same time a strange relief that all this time, it wasn't just me overreacting to my little failures and disappointments—it had a name.

I only told my boyfriend and my small group of friends, because despite everything I felt ashamed, like I didn't have the right to feel awful because I had all these great things going on in my life (hashtag blessed?). I have been lucky to have supportive friends that constantly remind me that it's not the case, but many people with depression or other mental illnesses don't even have the privilege of having other people to reach out to. I also benefit from the fact that I am a young female, whose display of emotions is widely accepted, and can (mostly...) get away with crying in the presence of others without getting called names, unlike the majority of my male counterparts.

Essentially, this is why this zine was born—to start a conversation about mental health without shame. Whether you're a guy or gal or non-binary, we hope you find something relatable in the next couple of pages. We want to encourage those who think they have a problem to seek professional help, and we want people who are previously unaware of mental illnesses to have at least some idea about it by the time they finish reading. More importantly, we want this to be a safe space to casually talk about our problems (like the stigma of being grown adults who acknowledge their emotions), little things like music and makeup that actually help us go through the day, and just generally share our experiences to hopefully enlighten each other and even other people whose loved ones also struggle with something, so that there would be no more awkward post-suicide attempt silences, no more jeers when somebody in the vicinity has a panic attack, and nobody else who would tell you you're being dramatic. Things might not be alright right now or ever, but we're here to tell you that you are not alone.

Happy (or unhappy, it's OK) reading!

Hello! .....	4
Melihat Lebih dekat .....	5
Magic's in The Make Up .....	6
Agony Aunt .....	8
Movie Review .....	9
Rubrik Riuh .....	10
Self Care .....	12
Mail .....	14

#### Contributors:

Aomame  
 Ashtraygrrl  
 Meowthroner  
 Necronomiyaki  
 Skeletale

email: klub2am@gmail.com

twitter: @klub2AM

facebook: facebook.com/Klub2AM



# Melihat Lebih Dekat

Apa hal pertama yang kalian ingat ketika mendengar gangguan mental?

Gila? Aneh? Tidak jelas? Apa lagi?

Bagi beberapa orang, gangguan mental adalah kata sifat. Tidur larut malam langsung disebut *Insomnia*. Suka beres-beres, langsung merasa *OCD*. Sedih dan putus asa langsung merasa dirinya *depresi*. *Mood swing* sedikit langsung dibilang *bipolar*. Ada yang kelakuannya aneh, diejek *autis*.

Percayalah, mereka yang menggunakan gangguan mental sebagai kata sifat tidak akan mau merasakan gangguan mental yang sebenarnya.

Di Indonesia, kesadaran orang-orang terhadap gangguan mental masih terbilang kurang. Terlalu banyak orang menyepelekan gangguan mental. Bahkan di beberapa daerah banyak orang dengan gangguan mental yang dipasung. Menurut mereka pasung adalah solusi yang tepat. Padahal gangguan mental merupakan hal yang sangat serius. Hal ini menunjukkan kurangnya edukasi mengenai gangguan mental di Indonesia.

Sama halnya seperti penyakit yang menyerang fisik seseorang. Contohnya, orang yang sakit kanker. Mereka minum obat, menjalankan beberapa terapi dan tentunya membutuhkan dukungan. Iya, sama halnya dengan gangguan mental. Ada yang minum obat, ada yang terapi, dan juga membutuhkan dukungan. Hanya saja gangguan mental tidak bisa kalian lihat secara fisik. Sudah jelas dari

namanya kan? Gangguan mental.

Kesadaran akan isu gangguan mental sebaiknya mulai ditumbuhkan sejak dini. Menurut saya, tidak perlu kuliah jurusan psikologi untuk mempelajari gangguan mental. Tidak perlu menjadi psikolog untuk menolong orang dengan gangguan mental. Semua bisa jika ada kemauan dan sebaiknya kalian memiliki kemauan tersebut. Tanpa kalian sadari, orang dengan gangguan mental ada di sekitar kalian.

Mungkin mereka yang kalian ejek gila. Mungkin mereka yang selalu kalian ceramahi dengan kalimat “masih banyak yang kurang beruntung dibanding kamu, ngapain sih sedih sedih gak jelas gitu?” Mungkin mereka yang kalian jauhi karena keimpulsifannya. Mungkin mereka yang selalu merasa berat badannya berlebihan. Mungkin sahabatmu. Mungkin keluargamu, adik, kakak, atau bahkan orangtuamu. Mungkin dirimu sendiri.

Mereka tidak pantas mendapatkan ejekan. Tidak pantas untuk dijauhi. Tidak pantas untuk mendapatkan stigma. Mereka membutuhkan pertolongan dan dukungan. Ajak mereka bicara. Ajak mereka berteman. Ajak mereka menemui ahlinya. Ajak mereka merasa “hidup.”

Karena mereka juga manusia, sama seperti kalian semua.

## Magic's in The Make Up



6

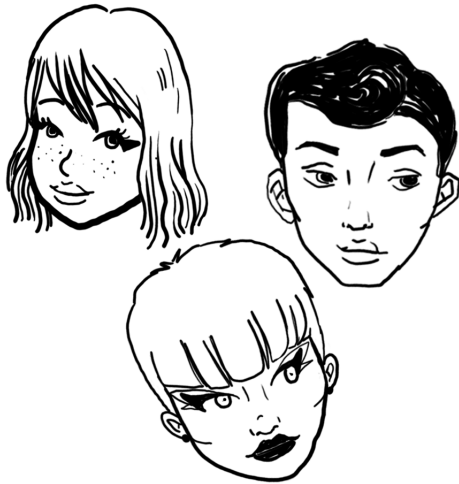
I still remember my first ever cosmetic item. It was 2008, and heavily lined eyes that make you look like a beat up raccoon was the look du jour for angsty teenagers the world over. Or at least that's what MySpace taught me. Naturally, I made my way to the nearest department store on the look for any kind of black eyeliner. There was one double-ended pencil eyeliner with black on one side and glittery silver on the other and instantly, I fell in love, and forked over my pocket money for the stick of aesthetic greatness.

Obviously, raccoon eyes was not necessarily a great look for me (or anyone else for that matter), but this was only the beginning of makeup missteps I took over the next few years. Other mistakes include: drawing my brows really thin and arched that it looked more like skinny Nike swooshes than Dietrich, spending a stupid amount of money on Lancome's insanely sticky Juicy Tubes only to spend my days picking strands of hair off of my lips, and wearing foundations two shades too dark because I was somehow colorblind when it comes to base makeup.

The list goes on but I think that's enough of a cringeworthy walk down memory lane.



The point is, from an early age, I loved makeup. I loved trying out trends, I loved the way makeup allowed me to express myself or reflect my mood with the right combination of eyeshadows and lipsticks. But it wasn't until very recently that I realized the true depth of my relationship with makeup. When I was diagnosed with depression and anxiety some time ago, I had been feeling incredibly apathetic over everything and lost virtually all motivation to go about my day. All I wanted was to sleep in a couple of years and wake up with a degree and I don't know, perhaps a throne in a small European monarchy?



The thing with going through a bad period is that no matter how shitty you feel, you probably still have commitments--school, friends, family, and others. None of that stuff stops just because you feel like shit. This is where my relationship with makeup evolved from being a fun way to play and express myself to helping me cope with life as I dealt with constant emotional breakdowns.

When I'm deep in an episode and dreading every single simple task ahead of me, being truly present in myself becomes pretty much impossible. Getting lost in overwhelming anxiety was too easy. Getting out of bed was on a whole another level of impossible but there was nothing

I looked forward into more than getting my face beat to on fleek proportions.

Every morning, even when I was at my lowest, especially when I was at my lowest, I would go through the motions of applying a full face of makeup—a process that takes at least half an hour because I like full brows and winged eyeliner, and like all good art, it takes time. Some people might think it's unnecessary or “too much” to wear a full face of highlight and contour and sometimes falsies every single day but my heavy makeup routine gives the present back to me, every day.

Without makeup, I felt exposed, like people would be able to see that I was falling apart on the inside and I was not one to take seriously. With makeup, I felt protected, like no one would be able to see that I was hanging on the edge of a full breakdown. There were many occasions at my lowest points when I could stop a midday breakdown by reminding myself that I didn't want to ruin my makeup, that no one else would be able to see how bad things were unless I broke the mask with my tears which, in my opinion, is kind of gross (having mascara running down your face only looks glamorous in movies, trust me).

7

This isn't to say that makeup cured my depression, and breaking down isn't a sign of weakness, because obviously it's important to feel those emotions and process them fully. But when you have classes and work meetings to attend, it's really not that ideal if you're sobbing while you do that. For me, makeup was the tools to pull myself together. The act of putting on makeup reminds me that I'm paying attention to myself at a basic, physical level.

My depression and anxiety is a demon I tame every morning in front of the mirror. Some people do affirmations, or yoga, but I love my little ritual of putting stuff on my face. It doesn't just make me look better but my thoughts as well, letting me feel myself in myself in the present in a pleasant and positive way. To this day, I still look forward to my morning makeup routines—they're often my favorite parts of the day and literally one of my reasons to live.

by Skeletale



When it comes to mental health issues, there's a very real possibility that requests for help may be ignored, disbelieved, or judged. These things might happen to you.

If you tell someone about your issues and they dismiss it as "normal," they may be underestimating you or discriminating you. Maybe it's because of your age. Maybe they were told, at some point, that what they're feeling is "normal" and they should just "deal with it." Fun fact: you should not just "deal with it". Say out loud or in your head, "NOPE!" Or just hum Fiona Apple's "Paper Bag" under your breath—especially this part: "He said, 'It's all in your head' / I said, 'So's everything' but he didn't get it / I thought he was a man but he was just a little boy." See, every song can be about you if you try hard enough!

8

Stigma still surrounds mental disorders but even if every single one of the fears you have comes true, they should not prevent you from getting the help you deserve. Plenty of "normal experiences" are actually incredibly overwhelming and difficult to deal with. Isolating yourself feels very natural and like a damn good form of self-protection but in fact, it tends to make your pain and stress much worse, because you can't get any support. I would bet that, no matter how huge your secret feels, there are people in your life who would respond to it with love and care.

And that's what we're here for.

We're not professionals. We can't diagnose you. We can only offer advice, help, opinions, and seasonal cat pictures. Everything we say is based on our knowledge, experiences and opinions. We're not claiming that our advice/help/opinions will change anything, but we do what we can to help.

Got a question about what the actual heck is going on in there ("in there" being your head like the dude in Paper Bag)? Send it to <http://ask.fm/skeletale> with the hashtag [#AgonyAunt](#) and please include your NAME/INITIALS? AGE? TOWN?





Let's begin with a little disclaimer: In the following paragraphs, I will exercise this thing called separating the artist from the art, because the artist is rapey and pedophiley (see also: Dylan Farrow, Soon-Yi Previn) while the art is one that has resonated with me for years.

Interiors (1978) begins with still footages of the different rooms of a family house by the sea, soundtracked only by the steady sound of the waves. A male figure facing a window then starts talking about Eve—his wife—and their three children, and how her presence has shaped their lives. The scene is a prelude to a whirlwind of family dysfunction.

Arthur (E.G. Marshall) is an attorney who one day decides to split up with his wife Eve (Geraldine Page), an interior decorator who has clinical depression. Eve then attempts suicide, causing a stir between their three daughters.

The daughters, Renata (Diane Keaton), Joey (Mary Beth Hurt) and Flynn (Kristin Griffith) all have opposing personalities. Renata, undoubtedly their mother's favorite, is a talented poet and subsequently the main source of the sibling rivalry that creeps up throughout the film. Although Joey, the second sister, is an intelligent character, she switches between jobs and doesn't ever know what to do with her life ("I feel the need to express something, but I don't know what it is I want to express!").

Flynn is an actress who is away a lot and seems to be there just so the other characters could feel better about themselves. The film explores their psyches, delving deep into them as it progresses.

All of the performances are very low key, which makes the portrayal of sisters struggling through parental separation all the more real. Despite their conflicting natures, the women in Interiors are relatable in their neurosis, taking center stage, while the men are more passive and distant. Each shot is intricately constructed, making every frame a perfect one. With the final scene being one of the most painful of all time, Interiors is the anti-comfort, feel-bad movie, a room that you can come into when you just want to cry and not be patted on the back.

by Necronomiyaki

## Rubrik Riuh!



Hai,

Selamat datang di RUBRIK RIUH.

Perkenalkan, nama saya—tunggu,tunggu, tunggu—bolehkah saya menggunakan sebuah pseudonim saja? Jujur, membicarakan tema-tema seperti ini dengan sebegini gambling dan telanjangnya dapat mengundang decak cibir dari sekeliling—suatu hal yang tak saya butuhkan dalam kondisi mental saya saat ini. Sebut saja saya meowthrone. Tak ada alasan khusus dalam pemilihan pseudonim tersebut. Bahkan, mungkin beberapa di antara kalian mungkin ada yang sudah menebak siapa yang bertanggung jawab atas tulisan ini. Tak apa. Tak penting. Mari kita bicara musik. Yuk.

Dalam rubrik ini saya akan berbicara tentang musik dan hal-hal seputarnya Alasannya? Entahlah dengan kalian, tapi mendengarkan musik—musik seperti ini membuat saya merasa tak begitu kesepian.

Pada rubrik pertama ini, saya akan membahas dengan singkat beberapa rilisan favorit saya belakangan ini. Tentu saja, saya tak ingin terhimpit dalam penjara genre yang membosankan jadi izinkan saya meracau secara sporadis saja karena saya tak ingin berpikir terlalu banyak dan hey hey hey, sudahlah—kenapa tak kita sudahi saja perkenalannya? Nampaknya kata-kata mulai mengkhianati saya dan tulisan ini mulai kehilangan koherensinya (walau saya tak yakin ada yang peduli).



Modern Baseball - Holy Ghost

Tahun: 2016

Tautan: <https://runforcoverrecords.bandcamp.com/album/holy-ghost>

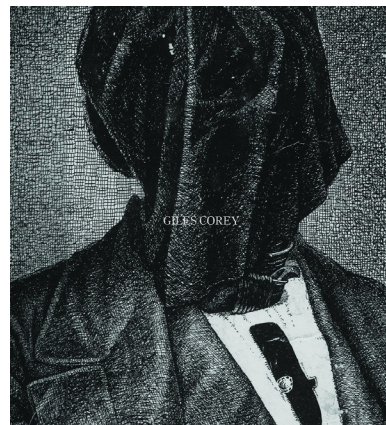
Dulu, saya termasuk salah seorang yang sebelah mata memandang pop punk sebagai musik yang catchy namun tak punya gravitasi apapun. Pertemuan saya dengan The Wonder Years dan Spraynard mengubah semuanya. Suatu hari, Dan "Soupy" Campbell dari The Wonder Years membicarakan sebuah grup muda potensial dari Philadelphia bernama Modern Baseball. Mendengarkan musik mereka membuat saya terlempar ke masa SMP - SMA di mana gangguan kecemasan saya sedang berada di puncaknya. Saya bisa melihat bahwa di balik lirik-lirik tentang hubungan dan ketertarikan tak berbalas, Brendan Lukens menyimpan suatu kegelisahan yang menggerung, menanti untuk meletup ke permukaan.

Fast-forward ke 2016, di tengah gegap gempita promosi album terbaru mereka ini, saya menyaksikan sebuah documenter di mana Bren bercerita bahwa ia mempunyai kondisi yang sama dengan saya: bipolar disorder. Saya tertegun. Saya tak menyangka bahwa "The Waterboy Returns" yang terdapat di EP dadakan yang mereka rilis pada 2015 adalah prelude untuk album yang sangat emosional ini.

Di Holy Ghost, Bren tidak lagi berbicara tentang gadis-gadis yang menolaknya. Holy Ghost adalah sebuah album tentang bagaimana kita berdamai dengan kekacauan di dalam diri kita. Holy Ghost adalah sebuah ajakan untuk membicarakan tentang kondisi kita. Holy Ghost adalah surat yang mengatakan bahwa walau semua terlihat tidak baik-baik saja namun paling tidak, kita tak sendiri.

Secara musikalitas, di album ini Modern Baseball lebih banyak bereksperimentasi dengan layer dan lagu-lagu yang lebih kontemplatif, meninggalkan kesederhanaan dan energi di dua album sebelumnya. Walau begitu, saya tak begitu merasa kehilangan Modern Baseball yang saya kenal karena Bren masih tetap mempertahankan gaya vokalnya yang seakan seperti bergumam-bercerita dengan kita tentang apa yang dia rasakan.

Recommended Tracks: Wedding Singer, Just Another Face, Coding This to Lukens



Giles Corey - Giles Corey

Content Warning: suicide

Tahun: 2011

Tautan: <https://gilescorey.bandcamp.com/album/giles-corey>

Giles Corey adalah proyek solo dari Dan Barrett, kepala di balik grup drone Have A Nice Life dan juga The Flenser, label yang banyak merilis musik eksperimental dengan nuansa gelap. Berbeda dengan Have A Nice Life yang sarat tekstur, Giles Corey mengambil arah yang lebih minimalis. Namun jangan salah, menjadi minimalis bukan berarti musiknya menjadi lebih ringan. Menurut saya, dengan pendekatan minimalisnya Giles Corey justru lebih jujur dan brutal dalam menceritakan topik yang diusung dalam album ini, yakni suicide.

Dalam album ini, Dan bercerita tentang depresi, keinginan bunuh diri, dan perasaan tersesat melalui petikan gitar akustik sederhana yang dibalut dengan nuansa Americana yang muram dan denting-denting berat musik industrial. Saya sangat merekomendasikan album ini untuk mereka yang mengalami kesulitan untuk menyalurkan pikiran-pikiran gelapnya. Marah dan menangislah. Giles Corey rasanya bisa menjadi teman yang baik untuk kegelisahan kalian.

Recommended tracks:

Blackest Bile, I'm Going to Do It, Nobody's Ever Going to Want Me

# Self Care

When it comes to self-care, you know yourself best. It takes time to figure out what works for you, but here's what works for me that might work for you too:



## Do things you enjoy!

Always, always have your comfort movie or TV shows handy. Cook your comfort food, or run to the grocery store to get it. Go on Spotify and make playlists. Do something physical, like having a solo dance party, doing ollies, or having sex. Play Scrabble, do crossword puzzles. Watch TED talks. Find something fun that takes minimum effort and thinking to give yourself a break.



## BREATHE

When you're overwhelmed, it is really easy to forget to breathe and take time for yourself. Taking a breather makes it easier to sort out your priorities and get things done. I use an app for daily meditation and it really helps clear my mind, or at least make me less overwhelmed at certain times.



## Take a long shower/bath

If you have access to a bath tub, treat yourself to a hot bath while watching your favorite show on Netflix. If you aren't white, a long shower will do. I always take time to do face masks, hair masks, all kinds of masks. It truly does freshen you up inside out.



### Make a feel-good folder

I have this folder called 'old men & cats' and I just scroll through it when I'm sad. Some people make folders full of motivational quotes from Tumblr, pictures or screenshots that make them happy. It takes time to accumulate the items to put into the folder, but it's sooo worth it.



### Look nice

Sometimes dressing up and looking bomb even if you're not going anywhere makes you feel better about yourself. I do elaborate eye makeup almost every day even if I'm just going to a 2-hour class. If you know somebody who shows up with blinding cheekbones or dress up as if they're going to a party on a daily basis, know for a fact that the act of putting together a Look[ is one of the most accessible outlets for emotions (shoutout to those of you out there who can't play instruments for shit).



### Spend time in the sun

I'm guilty of not doing this enough, but go outside. Take long walks. Go to the skate park. Read a book outside. Sit on your balcony after hanging your laundry. The sun does wonders for you.



### Cuddle your pet(s)

One of my main triggers is being at my parents' house, so it definitely helps that my cats also live there. When I feel down, I spend a couple of minutes or even hours giving them treats and playing with them, or just watching them (because CATS). It makes me feel loved, although most of the time they just want the food.



### Make lists

The second best feeling in the world is crossing things off of your list, the first being an orgasm. FIGHT ME. There are all kinds of apps out there that can help you make to-do lists, or you can just write them down on your notebook. It helps you keep your mind organized and slowly build a sense of accomplishment by doing small tasks. I put things like 'shower', 'eat', 'take meds' and set alarms for them every day, because it is so easy to be caught up in work that we forget to do the most essential things.

